I'm Glad There Is You

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I'm Glad There Is You

by sourweather

Summary

Adam drags Nigel to a wedding. At first, Nigel doesn't understand why, but after a few glasses of wine, he finds out that his angel has a naughty streak.

Notes

lol i want him bad what can i say

also shout out to SilverhairedStark for the original inspo for this fic, their Coat Room Sex fic made me... really normal <3

The lights are low, when Nigel walks through the front door. Almost totally dark, in fact, save for one tiny glowing bulb above the stovetop. Adam always leaves that one on for him, when he turns in for the night. A little something to light his way, so he doesn't trip over their coffee table en route to the shower after a long shift. It's one of those things that makes him swoon, if he's honest. Another small reminder that Adam loves him, thinks about him, cares. Even something that mundane is enough to make Nigel smile to himself as he shrugs his way out of his coat and toes off his shoes by the door.

The darkness is typically a sign that Adam's already crept off to bed, but the lazy croon of an old lounge song drifting in from the far end of their apartment tells him otherwise. Nigel lets himself be guided by it, pulled down the hall and all the way to their bathroom, a gentle glow peeking at him from beneath the door. He's close enough to identify the song, now. Julie London, *'I'm Glad There is You.'* One of those songs that makes Adam want to slow dance in their kitchen, to tuck his face in the crook of Nigel's throat and sway against him all night long. Nigel takes the doorknob in hand, and pushes it slowly open.

Just shy of two years, they've been together, but Adam still manages to take Nigel's fucking breath away from time to time. He's soaking in the tub, languishing like a chick in an old oil painting. His pretty, pale body stretches out beneath the water, one arm propped on the rim of the tub to hold a small paperback novel safely out of the splash zone.

He looks up at Nigel when the door opens, crystal blue eyes flicking to his lover's mouth. His petal lips curl into a welcoming smile.

"Hi."

Not for the first time, Nigel is reminded of how exceedingly fucking lucky he is. *"Steaua mea căzută,"* Nigel purrs, moving to kneel beside the tub. He leans close, and Adam turns his face to accept a soft kiss to his cheek. *My fallen star.* "You're up late."

"I wanted to see you." He offers Nigel the book, and Nigel slips the bookmark sitting on the sink between its pages before setting it aside.

"Well, I hope I was worth the wait," Nigel replies. He takes Adam's hand, kisses his knuckles, his wrist.
Adam hums, graciously allowing it when Nigel starts kissing his way up the length of his arm. "I wanted to ask you if you could do something for me."

"Anything," Nigel murmurs into his skin, and Adam giggles. It's true, though, and Nigel likes to think that Adam knows it.

"I got a wedding invitation in the mail, today," Adam explains. "It said I could bring a plus-one. I was hoping you'd go with me."

Nigel sighs, lifting his head with a defeated, besotted smile. "Why do I get the feeling you waited until you were naked to ask me this on purpose?" he teases, and catches Adam's lips. Adam smiles into it, kisses him back, sucks lightly at Nigel's lip as they part. Nigel noses at

Adam's jaw, licks the stray droplets of water from the side of his neck. "Whose wedding is it?"

"Beth."

Nigel pulls back when the sound of Adam saying her name vibrates against his lips. "You're joking." Adam shakes his head. "Darling, why the fuck would you want to go to your cunt ex's wedding?"

Adam's damp hand reaches to dance along Nigel's arm, finding its way to the nape of his neck. His nimble fingers toy with the ends of Nigel's hair as he speaks, his cheeks are flushed pink with steam.

"You don't have to talk to anyone," he coaxes. "In fact, I'm hoping that having you there will keep *me* from having to talk to anybody, either. There's going to be food, and cake. And I know you like seeing me in a suit…"

Adam's fingers in Nigel's hair turn into a hand cupping the back of his skull. He guides Nigel closer again, kisses him slow and deep. Nigel hums into it, and runs his tongue hungrily over the seam of Adam's lips. His hand finds Adam's chest, brushes the peak of his nipple with his thumb.

"You wanna eat cake and look pretty for me?" Nigel prods, and kisses the corner of his mouth. "I'll buy you some new lingerie, any cake you want— I'll even fucking feed it to you, angel, you don't need to go to this bitch's fucking wedding."

Adam sighs, arching into it when Nigel's touch dips into the water on its way down Adam's stomach. "It's gonna be at a winery." He tugs at Nigel's hair, nips at his earlobe. "They'll have an open bar."

He caresses Adam's thigh. "You know I prefer liquor to wine."

Adam draws back, licks his lips nice and slow. He peers up at Nigel from beneath his lashes, and Nigel damn near forgets to fucking breathe.

"Please?"

Nigel curses under his breath. He drags Adam into another kiss, and he half-falls into the tub in his haste to get his hands on that boy. "You're lucky that I fucking love you," he pants into Adam's mouth between hungry kisses.

Adam just grins as he starts working at the buttons on Nigel's shirt. "I know."

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Nigel spends the next couple of months trying to weasel his way out of it, but when the day rolls around, it's really not so bad. The ceremony is boring as shit, and Nigel nearly fucking gags having to watch Beth Buchwald kiss her new prisoner of a husband. But it's not without its upsides. The wedding is in upstate New York, which means Adam has an excuse to drive down and visit his old pal Harlan and leave some flowers at his father's grave while they're in

the area. They effectively use the wedding as an excuse to take a five-day vacation. And for how agonizing the ceremony is, it as least has the decency to be short. Before long, Nigel's sitting in a huge wooden building in the middle of a vineyard, knocking back cab-savs and admiring his boyfriend with unabashed, undisguised lust.

Adam hadn't been wrong, before. Seeing him dolled up, for any occasion, always drives Nigel up the fucking wall. He just looks so tasty like this, all wrapped up in navy blue and begging to be taken. Adam told Nigel that it was a waste of money, when he had this suit made for him a while back. That couldn't have been further from the truth. His eyes roam over Adam, how the material hugs the planes of his shoulders and the curve of his ass, and decides that the bill from his tailor has been comparable to Nigel buying a gift for himself.

And Adam in this suit is a gift that keeps on giving.

Adam flashes a loose grin. "You're staring at me," he notes, and giggles, his cheeks a perfect shade of pink.

That's another unexpected bonus that's come from being dragged here. Adam isn't typically much of a drinker. He'll have a sip of whatever Nigel's drinking when they go out to restaurants, just for the sake of it. Sometimes he'll have one of the girls fix him a tequila sunrise on the rare occasions that he needs to swing by the club.

But Nigel's never had the opportunity to see Adam *drunk* before. Whatever rosé they've got on offer here must agree with Adam's finicky tastes, though, because he just keeps reaching for more. He's adorably tipsy right now, flushed in the face and stumbling sweetly over his words. Laughing louder than usual, flirting with him incessantly. Nigel makes a note to buy a couple bottles of something pink, the next time he visits a liquor store.

"I am," Nigel replies. "You wanna know what I'm thinking about?"

Adam's eyes seem to sparkle in the low light. The godawful music blaring through the room drowns out Adam's eager *'Mhm,'* but he nods to accompany it.

Nigel learns in closer, closer, until his lips brush Adam's ear. His words are heated, clumsy. Shit, he might hold his alcohol a hell of a lot better than Adam, but he's still definitely fucking buzzed.

"I think we should have one of these for ourselves, don't you?"

Adam laughs. Not mockingly, but it’s still enough to make Nigel realize what he's just said. But is it so crazy, really? After all, Adam is undoubtedly the best thing that's ever happened to him. He'd grown so much since they met, figured out what it was that he really wanted out of life. Hell, when Nigel first left Bucharest, he'd sworn on his mother's fucking grave that he'd never fall in love again.

Luckily, Nigel's mother had been a bit of a cunt, so he didn't feel too bad about breaking that oath.

"You want to get married?" Adam asks, disbelieving.

Nigel shrugs. "Why not?"

Adam actually seems stumped by the question for a moment. He looks up at the ceiling, observing the obnoxious chandelier dangling overhead. "I always thought that it was a waste of money," he says, but it sounds half-hearted.

Nigel just wraps an arm around Adam's shoulders, kisses the spot just beneath his ear that never fails to make him shiver. He's about to tell Adam that he'd spend any fucking amount Adam wanted, be that a million dollars or ten cents, when a nearby voice pops their bubble.

"Adam!"

Nigel curses under his breath as he tears himself away. Standing over their table hidden in the corner is Beth, stuffed into a tacky white dress with the poor sap she just married hanging off her arm.

Adam offers her a brief, tight-lipped smile. Beth shoves at his shoulder a little, laughs.

"God, I haven't seen you in forever! You look great!"

Adam's disinterest in her is so obvious that it keeps even Nigel from being able to muster much jealousy. "I get a lot more sun in L.A.," he explains.

Now she takes a step back, gestures to her groom like he's a new car on a game show. "Adam, this is Josh. Josh, this is my old friend, Adam."

Josh reaches out like he's trying to shake Adam's hand. Adam just nods at the guy, gives him that same perfunctory smile.

Josh lowers his hand, chuckles awkwardly. Beth rolls her eyes, she's got this condescending look on her face.

"C'mon, Adam. After all that work we did teaching you how to meet new people, you already forgot it all?"

Nigel's lip twitches.

"I didn't forget," Adam says before Nigel can speak. "I just don't worry about that sort of thing anymore."

Nigel feels a burst of pride at that. Adam's more comfortable in his own skin than he's ever been before, and a selfish part of Nigel likes to believe that he's played a hand in that.

Beth finds her footing quickly enough, the awkward silence only exists for a second or two. "So," she tries, "Who's your friend?"

"Oh, Nigel's not my friend."

Nigel takes his cue, lifting his glass in Beth's direction with a smirk. "Nigel Banyai. I'm Adam's partner."

He's testing the waters with that one. He's never referred to Adam as his *partner* before, but he wants to serve Beth something a little more serious than *boyfriend.* Nigel glances at Adam. He's blushing a shade brighter than before, there's a shyly pleased smile on his face. Duly noted.

Beth doesn't roll with that one quite as easily. Her brows shoot up, the smile plastered over her mouth is looking more strained by the second. Evidently stunned, she settles on "Wow!" then shakes her head. "Well, that's great! I'm glad you're uh, figuring yourself out!"

Adam doesn't let her have that one. "I was openly bisexual the entire time we were dating."

She waves it off, laughing awkwardly. "Well, not *really,* though."

Adam frowns. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Beth opens her mouth, but it takes a few beats for anything to come out. "You know," she stalls. Nigel sits back, watches her sweat for a second. The sight almost makes being here worth it. "You were in a... transitional period, Adam. I just assumed you didn't know what you wanted yet."

And Nigel's content to let her keep digging her own grave, but then Adam looks over to him from the corner of his eye. He lifts a brow, as if to say *'Well? Go on.'*

Nigel flashes his teeth. Don't mind if he fucking does. "Well, thank fuck that he knows what he wants now. Otherwise he might've stayed with you, God forbid." He smiles sardonically at the groom. "No offense to you, of course, Josh. I'll be looking out for the invitation to your next wedding, after you wise up and leave Beth here for somebody that's a bit less of a frigid cunt."

Beth's face has gone red. She stammers for a second, fists tightly wound at her sides. Adam just tips his head back, drains his glass of wine. Before his new wife can start whistling like a fucking teakettle, Josh speaks.

"You need to leave," he says. His tone is stern, for a guy that knows damn well he couldn't take Nigel in a fight.

"I've been thinking the same thing, to be honest," Nigel replies breezily, then stands and offers an arm to Adam. "Shall we, angel?"

Adam takes it with a sweet little smile, all false innocence and obvious delight. "Congratulations, Beth," he says, almost like an afterthought. Nigel has to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from laughing.

Nigel leads them through the reception hall to the venue's coat room. He can't stop looking over at Adam. They've been together a good while, now, but Nigel's never seen his little fallen star look so adorably smug.

Ah. Now it's finally starting to make some sense.

"Darling," Nigel says, grinning down at him. "Did you bring me here just so I could call Beth a cunt to her face?" He's never known Adam to be such a spiteful little thing, but he'd be lying if he said it didn't turn him on somewhat.

Adam tries not to smile, but it breaks through regardless. "Not *just* for that," he argues, and Nigel chuckles.

"Alright. Why else?"

Adam blushes, his eyes find the floor. Nigel lifts his brows. Softly, shyly, Adam says "I wanted to show you off."

Nigel nearly growls. "That so?"

Adam nods, leans into Nigel's side. "I see how people look at you, when we're in public," he says. His voice is low, dark. Nigel's cock stirs. "Everybody wants you. I like that. I like that they can't have you."

He groans, low in his throat. *God.* His angel is just as possessive as Nigel himself. It puts this entire night into a new perspective: Adam, shoving Nigel in the faces of all these people he can't fucking stand, reveling in his absolute certainty that Nigel belonged to him and him alone.

And shit, Adam's never been more right.

"C'mere," Nigel grunts. He grabs the coat room's doorknob, yanks it open, half-shoves Adam inside.

The door has barely swung shut behind them before Nigel is pressing Adam against the wood and kissing him like he's starved. Adam lets out a sharp, surprised little moan, but only a second later he's parting his lips and shuddering when Nigel runs his tongue over Adam's pretty white teeth. Adam goes limp against the door, happily accepting every hot, wet kiss that Nigel offers him.
Nigel's mouth trails downward until it finds Adam's sweet, slender throat.
He seals his lips around the delicate flesh, thrumming just beneath the surface with Adam's hummingbird pulse. Nigel sucks it into his mouth, worries it between his teeth.

Adam mewls. He fumbles for the door’s handle, the lock clicks as he slides it clumsily into place. *"Nigel,"* Adam gasps, high and soft, and Nigel bites him harder. He presses his hips to Adam's, grinds his cock against him nice and slow. Adam's breaths turn shallow, his fingers curl into a fist in Nigel's hair. Still, he stammers out a breathy "W-What if somebody catches us?"

"We'll be quick," Nigel mutters. He loosens Adam's tie, starts attacking the buttons of his shirt. Adam whines softly, he tips his head back until it meets the door.

"Somebody might try to come in and get their coat," Adam pants, groaning when Nigel's mouth trails lower and starts kissing its way down his chest. "O-or they might hear us."

Nigel's about to tell him that they can take this back to their hotel, if he's that worried about it, but then his hands dip lower. Adam's hips buck eagerly against him as soon as Nigel's fingers brush his belt. His chest rises and falls raggedly, his face flushed a needy red.

'I wanted to show you off.'

Oh, Adam Raki. You perfect fucking thing.

"Yeah," Nigel purrs instead, and gives Adam one last filthy kiss before sinking down to his knees. Adam stares down at him with lidded, drunken eyes, watching in awe as Nigel unbuckles Adam's belt, pops the button open on his dress pants. "Yeah, somebody might. They'd all hear how good I make you feel, then, starlight. They'd all know how hard I make you cum."

Adam's hips press closer to Nigel's hands, he struggles his awkward way out of his suit jacket and lets it fall to the floor. Nigel lowers Adam's pants, urges him to stumble out of his shoes.

The pretty hitch of Adam's breath when Nigel hefts a pale thigh over his shoulder is enough to make him groan, his cock is hard as fucking iron. It strains against his clothes, leaks in his boxers as he noses at the crease of Adam's thigh and presses the first hungry kiss to his pussy.

Adam melts back against the door, fingers threading their way into Nigel's hair. *"Oh,* Nigel," he sighs, mewling like a kitten as Nigel licks at his slit. He's soaked, probably has been since Nigel mouthed off to Beth. Naughty little thing.

Nigel growls. He tugs the lip of Adam's cunt to the side to give himself better access. It's not the best position for eating him out, but fuck if Nigel's gonna let that stop him right now. He laps the slick from Adam's cunt in deep, sloppy passes, from his hole to his clit, flicking the tip of his tongue against Adam's t-cock whenever he's near it.

Adam gasps sharply, his hips jolting closer on their own when Nigel wraps his lips around his cute, needy little cock. Fuck, Nigel's never loved giving anybody head as much as he loves it with Adam. Nigel actually fucking *moans* around it, which makes Adam tense up like he's been shocked and dig his socked heel into Nigel's back. Adam's just so fucking perfect— he always tastes clean, his t-cock is just the right size in his mouth. Not to mention the way he squirms and whimpers *'Nigel'* when he's close, like the pleasure's almost too much for him to take.

Nigel buries himself as close as he can get, humming his desire as he dips lower to tongue at Adam's entrance. He grabs Adam by the hip, snakes an arm around his lover's raised thigh, cants Adam's pelvis forward.

Adam lets himself be maneuvered, his only complaint a breathy *"Please don't stop."*

Nigel's own neglected cock throbs at that. He rocks his hips restlessly, fucking thin air. He pulls back just to bite down hard on Adam's trembling inner thigh, digs his fingernails into the younger man's hips, dives back in.

Beyond his place between Adam Raki's legs, Nigel can hear the sounds of the wedding through the door. A muffled roar of countless inane conversations, occasionally broken up by one clearer voice walking past the coat room. Nigel catches the sound of some poor fucker trying pathetically to seduce his conversation partner, his poor excuse for flirtation interrupted every other word by Adam's panting breaths and low moans. It floods Nigel with a filthy sort of heat, makes his cock leak in his boxers. Morons, all of them. They don't even know that there's somebody getting fucked just a few feet away from where they're standing. Or hell, maybe they do.

Adam's legs start to quiver. His knees threaten to buckle, he wobbles on his feet. Nigel pins his hips fast against the door, holds him steady with a pressure that'll leave him bruised and tender in the morning. Beth's bullshit playlist carries on outside. There's a tone-deaf, drunken chorus, loudly singing along to *'Sweet Caroline'.* Good times never seemed so good, indeed.

"Nigel," Adam moans, and he paws urgently at Nigel's hair, holding him close as his hips buck in needy little jolts. "N-Nigel, *haah,* fuck!" His sounds are climbing, now. Anybody walking by would be getting quite the fucking show.

Nigel growls against his cunt, sucks on his t-cock just to spur him on. Adam keens, high and wavering. It makes Nigel's head spin, makes him feel like he could eat Adam alive. He can't explain it, Adam makes him feel like a fucking animal when they're together. Turns him into some kind of drooling, stupid thing that only knows how to eat and sleep and breed.

Nigel can feel the spasm that runs through him, when Adam comes. He relishes in how Adam’s t-cock throbs against his tongue, the helpless flood of slick that leaks from Adam's twitching, perfect cunt. Above him, Adam's chest heaves in uneven, shallow little gasps. A desperate, almost wounded chant of *"Nigel, N-Nigel, Nigel,"* rains from his bitten berry lips. Nigel feels how his legs threaten to collapse and holds him upright, lapping at his cunt while he comes down from the high.

It doesn't take long for Adam to start flinching from the stimulation. He squirms, tries to pull away. Nigel's got him pinned to the door, though, there's nowhere for him to go. Adam whines softly, pushes at him halfheartedly with clumsy hands. Nigel can't help himself, though. Adam is just so perfect— his adorable sounds of overwhelm, the way his stomach shudders in response to every touch, the feel of his cock in Nigel's mouth…

Adam makes a sound he's never made before when Nigel sucks on his overstimulated t-cock. A sharp, strangled cry of pain, with hints of pleasure creeping into its edges. Suddenly Nigel's hit with the desire— no, the fucking *need*— to hold Adam down and suck him off until he's thrashing and fucking sobbing for Nigel to stop.

The only thing that stops him from acting on that need, right here and right fucking now, is the fact that someone definitely fucking heard Adam's little wail just now.

He tears himself away, gingerly lowers Adam's leg to the floor, roughly wipes his mouth on his sleeve. The second he's on his feet again, Nigel snatches Adam up in a deep. frenzied kiss. Adam, still trembling in his arms, just melts into it.

Nigel makes quick, if clumsy work of his belt buckle, and pulls his aching cock from his pants. His teeth knock with Adam's, he groans into his lover's sweet mouth as he starts stroking himself quick and tight. Nigel's hips rock forward, he ruts his throbbing cock against the soft flesh of Adam's stomach.

"Fuck," Nigel hisses. The hand that isn't flying over his own cock is grabbing needy handfuls of anything he can reach, groping Adam's chest, his waist, his hip. Adam starts mouthing at his neck, satisfied hums like a kitten purring into Nigel's skin. "Adam, angel..."

He never stood a chance of lasting more than a couple of minutes, not when Adam's made him so crazed with desire. But then Adam bites his throat *hard,* hard enough that something deep in his core twists with the sharp ache of it. Panting, his breaths hot and wet and smelling of wine, Adam breathes into Nigel's ear.

"You're *mine,"* Adam says, like it's a fucking *warning,* and Nigel doesn't stand a chance.

Nigel curses through his teeth, his cum stains Adam's pale stomach. Spurred on by his lover's intoxicating possessiveness, Nigel ruts against him through his orgasm, smearing his cum into Adam's skin.

Adam draws in this adorable, sultry little gasp when Nigel cums. It's enough to make Nigel want to get Adam off all over again, God— he's so fucking sexy, and the hottest thing about it is that he doesn't even fucking try.

Between heavy, gasping breaths, Nigel looks at Adam. He grabs Adam by the nape, pulls him in for a final, crushing kiss. "Mine," he grunts in agreement, and Adam— perfect angel that he is— flashes a dazed, happy grin.

For a few seconds, Nigel allows himself to just enjoy it. The darkness, the closeness, the scent of their sex hanging in the air. He gets to be alone with Adam every day, but that doesn't mean he stops being fucking thankful for it every time. He presses his sweaty forehead to Adam's, trades breaths with him for a minute or so.

But then Adam grimaces, frowning down at the mess on his stomach. Before he can fuss about it, Nigel's picking up Adam's clothes from the floor.

"Just put your jacket on over it and head straight for the door," he soothes. "You can take a shower when we get back to the hotel."

Nigel helps his drunken lover back into his clothes, makes him looks as presentable as he cares to, and quickly ushers him out of the venue and into their car. Adam keeps his head down the whole way, he doesn't spare a single guest a second glance.

It's for the best, really. Nigel clocks about a dozen people shooting them 'fuck you' eyes, but Adam's none the wiser. Nigel, on the other hand, just gives them all the most smug look he has to offer.

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The next morning, Adam's laid up in their hotel room with a real motherfucker of a hangover. Nigel lets him roll over in bed and sleep it off, sneaking out into the city to fetch him some breakfast to help take the edge off.

And as much as he enjoys spending time with his little fallen star, Nigel's glad for the time to himself. After all, that piss-poor excuse for a proposal last night had been a fucking disgrace. Adam deserves so much better than that. But they'll be in New York together for three more days, so he reckons he'll be able to pull something proper together by then. Something that'll show Adam that Nigel's happy, belonging to him and him alone.

And he doesn't give a fuck who knows it.

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